

Slide Over Here by empathieves

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Summary:

Nancy says Jonathan's name instead of Steve's two weeks after the Monster Hunting Incident. Steve says it instead of Nancy's name a month after. They don't talk about it until two months after, when it's become increasingly hard to ignore that Jonathan Byers has become a part of their sex life without even being in the room.

Slide Over Here

Author's Note:

I wrote this in about an hour and a half and it hasn't been beta'd, so I apologise for any mistakes. It's also the first explicit work I've written in years. I hope you like it!

The first time Nancy says Jonathan's name during sex, it's two weeks after the Monster Incident. They're having the kind of life-affirming, thank-God-we're-both-here sex that Steve thinks only happens in the wake of near-death experiences, and it's fantastic. Nancy is underneath him, her face pressed into the line of her arm, one hand scrabbling desperately at his hip, and then she says it. Well, more like she moans it, in this kind of deep throaty voice that he's never heard from her before and kind of immediately wants to hear more of. She realises what she's done almost as soon as it's happened, and her hands go from the headboard to over her face very quickly.

"Oh my God, Steve, I'm so sorry!" she says, but he actually does not even care, because that was really hot in ways he's probably going to have to examine later, so he just grabs her wrists and pins them by her side and moves quicker inside her, deeper, bringing his face down to her neck to nip at her there, and then she cries out and he feels her contract around him and that's it for them both.

The first time Steve says Jonathan's name during sex, it's about a month after the Monster Incident. It's Boxing Day, and Nancy had already given Jonathan the gift that Steve had bought and then asked her to give him. He's been thinking about Jonathan lately, in an increasingly more speculative way. He thinks, sometimes, about the way Jonathan looks at him and Nancy when they're together, the way that his already intense stare kind of – deepens and focuses. He wonders about what it would be like if they asked Jonathan to watch them, wonders if he would stare at them the same way he does now when they're fully clothed. He thinks a lot about how it would feel to watch Jonathan watching them move together, sweaty and slick with

sweat.

Increasingly, he thinks about reaching out his hand and asking Jonathan to join.

So it really shouldn't come as a surprise when he moans Jonathan's name instead of Nancy's one night. But it still surprises him, because *really*? It's not like he could mistake the hair that he's got balled up in his fist as Jonathan's, not really, and he looks down at where Nancy's poised over his cock, ready to slide her mouth back down around him. And she smiles at him, like she knew this would happen, and wow, okay, that's. Certainly something.

Here's the thing: they don't actually *talk* about the fact that the both of them are apparently attracted enough to Jonathan Fucking Byers to moan his name during sex until two months after the Monster Incident, which is absolutely absurd but whatever.

Jonathan has been spending more and more time with them, which is awesome, but has also been feeling like a third wheel, which he hasn't actually said anything about but which is painfully obvious anytime Nancy and Steve go to touch each other in even innocent ways. This is not awesome. Steve isn't exactly sure when he started wanting Jonathan to not feel excluded from his and Nancy's couple activities, but it was probably around the same time he started fantasizing about going down on him.

In any case, they're going to the movies tonight with Jonathan and he's starting to feel antsy in the same way that he did when he and Nancy started dating. He figures it's about damn time that they talk about it.

"Nance. We should probably talk about the whole Jonathan thing."

She looks up from where she's pulling on her boots.

"What Jonathan thing?"

"You know what Jonathan thing. The thing where you and I both apparently think about him during sex sometimes."

“Oh. That thing.” There’s a blush coming in high and bright on her cheekbones, and he wants to kiss her but he knows that they *really, really need to talk about this*.

“Yeah. Have you noticed that we keep kind of...taking him on our dates?”

This time the look he gets is considerably spooked, like she genuinely hadn’t noticed that almost all the dates they go on now include Jonathan in some way or another.

“We have? Oh my God. We have.”

“I think we may have been...subconsciously trying to date him? Maybe?”

“Are you uncomfortable with that?” she says, sitting down next to him heavily.

“No, no. I just think that if we want to be dating him we should maybe. Tell him. Possibly.”

“Jesus.” Nancy says, and drops her face into her hands.

“I’m sure it will be fine. I’m pretty sure he’s still very much in love with you, at the least.”

“But what if he’s not into boys, Steve?”

“I’m trying not to think about that honestly.”

They don’t talk about it that night, which is both a relief and a disappointment. As much as Steve really does not want to be rejected, he’s also buzzing with the nervous energy that comes with possible reciprocation. If there’s even a slight chance that he might be able to kiss Jonathan Byers, he wants to know about it. Immediately. It’s getting really hard to look anywhere but at Jonathan’s mouth whenever they’re hanging out together, which is inconvenient in literally every possible way.

Eventually he just bites the bullet and tells Nancy that they're just going to have to go to Jonathan's - on one of the days that Will's at Dungeons and Dragons and Joyce is at work - and tell him.

They drive over in near silence. Nancy keeps squeezing his hand every so often. He feels dizzy and a little bit ill, but he reminds himself that in just a bit it will be over and he might even have a boyfriend. Maybe. He might also lose a friend, but he's trying not to think about it. He's very good at avoiding thoughts that he doesn't want to have.

Nancy knocks on the door, which is good, because he doesn't feel up to much right now. He feels like his heart is in his mouth and his hands are sweating. He wasn't even this nervous asking out Nancy.

Jonathan opens the door with a hazy kind of expression. He has a crease on his face where he's slept too long on his side and Steve feels his heart lurch with affection that he really hopes isn't showing on his face.

"Hi guys. What's up? You never come over here."

"Um. We were wondering if we could talk to you about something." Nancy says. Something in Jonathan's face shifts. He stops looking hazy and starts looking suspicious. Steve is entirely sure that whatever place Jonathan's thoughts have gone to it the wrong place.

"Uh, sure. Come on in."

They follow him to his room, which has photos of them all up on the walls. They haven't been here in at least a month, and the photos are new. They're all of them, different shots of Nancy laughing, of Steve smiling, a few where Nancy and Steve are together and close. One - near the bed - is of Nancy and Steve kissing.

"Sorry about all the photos." Jonathan says, breaking the silence. He looks stricken, like he's been caught at doing something he shouldn't.

"It's fine. Really. I like them." He offers.

"Yeah, these are amazing. When did you even take this one?" Nancy asks, pointing at the photo of them kissing.

"After school one day." Jonathan says. He no longer looks like he's going to pass out with fear, but he now looks confused as all hell.

"It's really nice."

"So what did you want to talk about?" Jonathan says, suddenly, and Steve can't breathe again because oh God, now they have to actually talk about it.

"Nancy says your name sometimes while we're having sex." He blurts out, and what the fuck, that was not what he was supposed to say. Nancy looks like she's torn between laughing and crying, but she settles on thwapping his shoulder.

"Steve!"

"I'm sorry! I freaked out!"

"You what?" Jonathan says, and he sits down on his bed like his knees have gone out from under him. Which they probably have, now that he thinks about.

"Oh my God. It's not like it's just me! Steve does it too." Nancy says, and Steve wants to just sink into the ground, because they had a plan for how this was supposed to go and this was definitely *not the plan*.

"What?"

"*Nancy!*" Steve says, and then he turns around because he knows his face is probably bright red now and he used to be charming and confident, godddamnit, where did that go?

"Is this a joke?" he hears Jonathan say, and he turns around because the tone in his voice is kind of heartbreaking.

"No, no. I swear this isn't a joke, I just kind of panicked when we got in here and screwed it up." He says, and his hand goes up to run through his hair. He's so anxious and there aren't butterflies in his stomach. More like vultures, or buzzards.

"So...you do...say my name...?"

“Yeah, it’s happened a couple of times now.” He says, and he doesn’t want to look up at Jonathan right now because part of him feels kind of guilty, like he was including Jonathan in something Jonathan might not have wanted to be included in.

“For both of us.” Nancy pipes up from where she’s sitting on Jonathan’s chair.

“*Really?*” Jonathan says, and there’s so much disbelief in his voice.

“It’s not like you’re unattractive, dude, there’s no need to sound so surprised.”

The look that he gets with that is incredulous and a little bit baffled. Steve really, really wants to kiss him.

“I just don’t really get why either of you would be interested. Like maybe when we were fighting the monster, and there was adrenaline, yeah. But now?”

“We really like you, Jonathan. We’re not joking or anything.” Nancy says, and now he wants to kiss her because she always knows what to say.

Jonathan still looks doubtful and unsure and he hasn’t actually said anything about reciprocating, which is kind of killing Steve a little bit. Jonathan licks his lips and now he’s *really* killing Steve, and he can’t take it anymore.

“Can I kiss you?” he says, and he wants to take it back almost immediately but he also really wants to kiss Jonathan so he can’t regret it too much.

“Uh. I guess. I’ve never – I’ve never kissed anyone before.”

“Oh my God.” He hears himself say, but it’s breathy and not at all what he usually sounds like. He has this thing about people who’ve never been touched before, because he knows how much of a damn honour he’s being given every time he’s allowed to give them a new experience. Nancy knows this, he can hear breathe in sharply when Jonathan says it, feels her touch his arm and push him forward.

He kneels down on the carpet and settles between Jonathan's legs, because he's got just enough height that he'll be at a good angle. Jonathan is breathing quickly, and he looks like he's about to break into a run at any second. Steve puts his hands on Jonathan's thighs, smoothing his hands upwards but staying clear of anywhere risky. He takes it slow, waiting for Jonathan to not look so terrified before he moves one hand carefully up to his face. Jonathan flinches, and Steve spreads his hand slowly to span the expanse of skin from jaw to ear. His hand is large enough to frame Jonathan's face and they haven't even *kissed* yet and Steve is harder than he's been in his whole damn life. He can hear Nancy breathing heavily behind him and he slowly, slowly brings Jonathan's head down, angling it just so, pressing his lips to the corner of his mouth at first. Just something chaste and small. He brings his mouth back for a full kiss, still closed mouth, and it's burning him to not do anything more but *God*, Jonathan deserves to be taken through slowly.

Which is of course the moment that Jonathan makes this high, whining noise, more of a keen than anything, and his hands go from clenched fists on the bed to Steve's hair and he pulls Steve's face up with something very much like desperation. Steve is very suddenly finished with taking Jonathan through slowly. He lets himself go into the kiss with an open mouth, and Jonathan is right there, yielding and still very solid against him, and Steve lets his tongue trace along Jonathan's bottom lip and Jonathan *moans*, low and barely there but he hears it anyway. There's a blur of hands and somehow Steve has ended up in Jonathan's lap on the bed but there's a hand firm and warm in the middle of his back and another tugging at his hair, and there's a tongue in his mouth that's unskilled but so damn eager that Steve loses all appreciation for the finer arts of kissing pretty quickly in favour of this raw enthusiasm.

Nancy makes a soft noise behind him, and he pulls away from the kiss to look back at her because wow, he forgot about his girlfriend there for a moment. Her face is red and she looks the same way that she does after about half an hour of foreplay, and Steve feels Jonathan shift underneath him and becomes very aware that Jonathan is also hard, and pressing up against him in a way that is not uncomfortable so much as it is a hell of a turn on.

He beckons Nancy over and kisses her as soon as she's within kissing distance, twisting a little in Jonathan's arms to give her the attention she deserves, and she gives a high little moan when he touches her waist and turns her and pushes her down so that she's sitting next to Jonathan. They start to kiss without him needing to prompt or prod, and there's something so beautiful and enthralling about watching them kiss, watching the same enthusiasm that Jonathan had when they had kissed smooth out in favour of something tender and sweet. He shifts in Jonathan's lap, remembering the hardness underneath him a second too late, hears the gasp from where Nancy and Jonathan are kissing. It's an interesting thing, to watch the reaction travel from Jonathan to Nancy, so he does it again, and again.

Nancy's hands clench on her skirt every time Jonathan indicates that Steve is doing something out of sight, and he knows that she's aching for it as much as he is. He starts a slow, purposeful grind now, mimicking what girls did for him whenever they wanted to tease him. A slow figure eight with his hips, pressing just enough to give pressure but not relief and Jonathan stops being able to focus on kissing altogether and falls back onto the bed. Nancy gives Steve the same little smile she gave him the first time that he said Jonathan's name while they were having sex and he falls in love with her all over again.

"Please." Jonathan manages to say, and Steve stops his hips and leans forward.

"What do you want us to do?" he asks, because no one can ever say that Steve Harrington is not a gentleman in bed, and he doesn't want to pressure Jonathan any more than he had wanted to pressure Nancy. If the next word out of Jonathan's mouth is 'stop', then he'll stop.

"Touch me." Is what he says instead, and Steve's mouth goes dry.

"Can I take off your shirt?" he asks, because just because he said to touch him doesn't mean they need to rush into it, and Jonathan sits up quickly and takes it off like he's being timed. Then there's just a lot of skin and a lot of time, and he and Nancy reach out at the same time and skim their fingers across different parts of his skin. Jonathan shivers a little, breathes out, leans back against the bed again. Steve

leans in to kiss him again, feels Nancy shift to kiss Jonathan's hand – he can tell without seeing that it will be the hand with the scar, and feels a surge of overwhelming affection for them both.

He shifts back for a second so that he can watch them both for a moment, observe the look of adoration on Jonathan's face as Nancy kisses his palm, take in these two people that he doesn't deserve in the slightest.

Jonathan looks up at him and the look doesn't change in the slightest, and that hits him like a sledgehammer and he can't really breathe for a moment because this is *actually happening*, and the reality of having Jonathan's attention on him during sex is so much better than he'd imagined it would be. Nancy leans in then, whispers in Jonathan's ear, and he watches Jonathan's eyes widen.

"What do you want to do?" Jonathan says now, and there's something like a smile playing around his lips now. Steve doesn't even need to think about it, knows that there's only one thing that he'd consider Jonathan remotely ready for that he wants to do because he's pretty sure actual penetrative sex is not on the cards right now.

"Can I go down on you?" he says, and his voice comes out a lot hoarser than he's used to.

Jonathan blinks, and nods.

"How do you want me to be? Lying down, or standing, or?"

"Just lie back, alright. With your head up near the headboard." Steve says, and Nancy shuffles to sit up at the headboard as well, next to Jonathan's head.

He moves down, undoes the button of Jonathan's jeans, feels himself start to salivate before he's even gotten down to skin. He's never done this before, but he knows from an incident in a game of Truth or Dare ages ago that he has no gag reflex and he knows that he's good with his tongue, so he's winging it and hoping that it goes well.

Eventually he manages to get Jonathan's jeans and underwear off,

and then he's very aware that he's fully clothed so he takes off his shirt to equalise the field at least a little bit. He shuffles down so that he's in a position that's not going to fuck up his neck, takes a hold of Jonathan's cock, looks up to check that he's all good. Jonathan's wide eyed and staring down at him like he can't quite believe that this is actually happening, but he gives him a nod, and Steve takes that as a go ahead and lowers his mouth.

It tastes like skin, which he'd expected, and salt, which he hadn't. It's pleasant in a different way to going down on Nancy, but it's still kind of nice, and he breathes and rolls his tongue the way he knows that *he* likes.

"Holy fuck." He hears from above him, and Nancy laughs.

He sucks, breathes, tests to see what works. When he feels like he's comfortable enough, he lets his throat relax and shifts himself forward so that he can take more into his mouth. His eyes are closed, but after a few minutes he manages to get his nose to touch Jonathan's stomach, and he's pretty damn proud of himself actually. He brings his mouth back up, rolls his tongue again, slides his mouth back down, gets into a rhythm.

"Put your hand in his hair, Jonathan." He hears Nancy say, and feels Jonathan comply. Feels the hand slide through his hair, grip near the roots, tug gently. He hears himself moan, hears Jonathan echo him, remembers the way that sounds travel through like vibrations. He wonders how he looks right now, knows his mouth has to be red and his hair a mess, knows how Nancy looks when she blows him and wonders how that translates onto his more masculine features. He looks up again, trying to catch eye contact with Jonathan, but Jonathan's got his back arched and his head thrown back.

He pulls off and Jonathan whines, shifting his hips up.

"Jonathan." He says, and his voice is barely there.

"Mmm?"

"Can you fuck my mouth? Please. I want to see what it's like." He says, and Jonathan makes a noise that's halfway between an

incredulous laugh and a moan.

“Okay. Okay.” He says, and Steve lowers himself back down and opens his mouth and throat and just. Waits. Jonathan slides his hand into Steve’s hair again and this time he presses down, guiding Steve down at the same time as he rocks his hips upward. For someone with no experience, Jonathan is pretty good, Steve thinks absently, but then Jonathan pulls sharply back up using Steve’s hair and he stops thinking at all. He likes this, this tenuous push-pull where he gets to give up control, and Jonathan feels strangely right in his mouth. He feels himself moaning, feel himself grinding a little bit into the bed, loves how that gets a reaction from both Nancy and Jonathan. He feels surprisingly unashamed, and when Jonathan breathes his name and he looks up and sees him sighing it into Nancy’s mouth he gets this *rush* of headiness. This is right, he thinks to himself, and wonders why it took them so damn long to get to this point. Nancy leans in and starts to talk to Jonathan again, and one of the things he catches is “*I love you*”, and that’s when Jonathan comes.

When it’s over, Steve pulls off and sits up, wiping his mouth.

“Was that okay?” he says, because he needs to check, okay? And Jonathan just kind of laughs, breathlessly.

“That was amazing, oh my God, I love you.” He says, and then claps a hand over his mouth. Steve can’t bring himself to make fun of him, because God knows he has no filter post orgasm either.

“Love you too.” He says instead, beaming, and Nancy grins back at him.

“I need to get dressed before my Mom comes home.” Jonathan says, and his face is bright red.

But the important thing is that after he’s dressed he comes back to the bed and they all lie down and Steve finally, *finally* gets to be the little spoon.

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